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CANADIAN

youthful Fancies

and

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By

Mr. Stanley Lehigh

Yours,

M. Stanley Lehigh,
Frankville,
Leeds Co., Ark.

YOUTHFUL FANCIES

AND

IONE



BY

M. STANLEY LEHIGH



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INTRODUCTION.

'Tis not Ambition's voice alone, that calls me on,
To mingle my poor notes with grander strains ;
For, has she not lured many, ever and anon,
To ever seek, yet never anything attain ?
How many votaries have fallen at Thy feet, [sneered ;
And blindly worshipped Thee, who only laughed and
And with a pleasing aspect, made their slavery complete,
While still they struggle on, yet ne'er their object neared !

There is a nobler object, which should be our aim ;
For he is truly great, who can be truly good.
'Tis when we wish to lift the fallen, we can claim,
To stand, somewhere, upon the plane, the Great have stood.
It is, when our efforts have cheered a lonely heart,
Or brought a cheerful smile, to some poor weeping eye ;
When to great deeds, we've given some poor wretch a start,,
'Tis then, we feel a happiness, that naught can buy.

TO THE PUBLIC,
WITH THE MOST SINCERE FEELINGS
OF GRATITUDE
TO THOSE WHO HAVE SO KINDLY ASSISTED
IN ITS PUBLICATION,
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.



IONE

THE ADVENTURE.

'Tis drawing towards the close of day,
The sun, in splendor, sinking fast
Behind yon ridge of maples bright,
Clad in rich beauty, which they cast,
(Though but an echo) in the lake,
That, nestling close behind their smile,
O'er which, the playful breezes make
But scarce a ripple, to beguile
The little wood-bird into sleep ;
Or the lone duck, that sails at ease ;
Or the red fox, that slyly peeps
At her, unconscious, through the leaves.
And this is Nature, as it is,
Before the hand of man intrudes ;
Where there is peace and quietness ;
Free from man's petty strifes and feuds.

'Tis here beneath the maple's shade,
Which their huge branches, o'er him, cast ;
Turning, it seemed as if he stayed,

To view the scene, now fading fast.
A huntsman, seemed he, straight and tall,
With shoulders broad, and head erect,
And playful curls, that seemed to fall
Unheeded, down his well-curved neck.
But chief among his features rare,
You first would note the changeful mouth ;
Sometimes a smile would linger there,
So full of sweetness, joy of youth,—
His forehead full, and eyes so bright,
Looked out, from under eyebrows straight,
A step so firm, and yet so light,
Such as the powerful tigers make.
His dress was such as hunters wear,
Worn by him with unconscious grace ;
His rifle, which he used with care,
Across his back, was held in place
By a broad belt ; and at his side,
Hung powder-horn, and shot-pouch large ;
A bowie-knife with blade so wide,
Ready, it seemed, for foeman's charge.
A man, he seemed, who danger knew ;
Yet, to whom fear was never known ;
With arm so strong, and eye so true,
Would stand to fight his foes alone.

And now he turns from this bright scene,
So calm, so soothing to his mind,
To plunge into the forest's screen,
And leave his pleasant dreams behind.

When suddenly, there is a spring,
 A sharp report, a crash, a fall—
 To loose his belt, his gun unsling
 And raise it to his shoulder, all
 Took but a moment, but he stops ;
 For, as he turns towards the trees,
 The perspiration in great drops
 Starts on his forehead, for he sees,
 Lying stretched out, just at his feet,
 With glaring eyes and great white fangs,
 The dreaded panther, which to meet
 Would cause the stoutest hunter pangs.

From 'neath the overhanging shade
 A frail canoe darts quickly forth,
 Propelled it seemed by a maid
 A little way, then wheels about
 To view the stranger standing there
 Gazing, as if he knew not what
 Strange apparition 'd next appear,
 Or what adventure is his lot.
 In waves of gold her wealth of hair
 Hangs carelessly adown her back,
 Or curls around her forehead fair.
 Those eyes of violet well might make
 The startled hunter look confused,
 Which now are sparkingly bright,
 As if the owner were amused
 At the poor hunter's look of fright.
 Arched are her lips, like Cupid's bows,

Which now, half-parted in a smile,
Two pearly rows of teeth disclose,
And dimples in her cheeks, the-while.
Her small white hands, with which she grasps
The paddle, her frail bark to guide ;
While, at her feet, her rifle casts ;
A hunting-knife hangs at her side.
“ O, maiden,” thus the hunter speaks,
“ Is it to you, my life I owe ?
Was it those hands so small and weak,
That laid this mighty panther low ?
If so, accept my gratitude,
Which I can very ill express !
For one so used to solitude,
Is very awkward, I confess.”

A merry laugh, so clear and sweet,
Is her reply ; and with a sweep
Lands her canoe, just at his feet ;
Then turning towards him, in those tones
So clear, so musical, and sweet,
Tells him, that yonder is her home,
And then, she offers him a seat
In her small craft, you'd scarce suppose
Was large enough to carry one ;
And then, at her command, he throws
The panther in the bow, which done,
He seats himself, and waits to learn
What his companion next will do ;
And soon, they leave the woods astern,

As fast they're gliding o'er the blue,
And slowly, in her ample folds,
Calm Night enwraps all Nature bright.
To the song-birds, and the lone duck,
The tall trees bending, say "Good Night."

THE EXILE.

'Tis in another older land,
We now would wish to stay awhile ;
The land of factories, buildings grand,
Of ancient and of modern style.
Whose ships are known to every clime ;
Whose tongue is spoken everywhere ;
Whose sons have performed deeds sublime ;
Whose poets, in sweet verse, declare
'Tis in the land of England fair,
In the homestead of a country squire ;
'Tis in the library, of this home,
Our story takes us, as it goes ;
An angry father, and his son,
Confront each other, now, as foes.
" You will not, " now, the father cries,
" You will not wed the girl I choose."
" I cannot, father," he replies,
" Unless my self-respect, I lose."
" Then leave this home, nor dare return,
Until you come a penitent."
" That, father, I will never learn ;
Farewell, dear home," and thus he went.

As in the Summer's dreamy hours,
When soft, the zephyrs fan the cheek,
Laden with fragrance from the flowers,
Where lie the sweets, the busy bees seek ;
While float along the lazy clouds,
That, as they drift beneath the sun,
For a short time, shut out the light,
And then move on, and all is bright.
Here in a little clearing stands
A little cabin, made of logs ;
While, o'er the door the ivy hangs,
And sleeping on the steps, two dogs,
While all around, on every side,
The wild-flowers bloom, of every hue ;
The front door, now, stands open wide,
From which, there is a lovely view
Of Nature, clad in robes of Spring,—
The buds are opening to the sun ;
The birds have just begun to sing,
And build their nests, to hatch their young ;
The green grass gives a perfume sweet ;
The brooklet's murmur, too, is heard ;
The balmy zephyrs fan the cheek,
And gently the young leaves are stirred ;
The hens are cackling in the barn ;
The geese are gabbling in the yard ;
The sheep's bleat ! bleat ! comes from the farm,
As o'er the lambs, they keep strict guard ;
While from the woods, the crow's low call,

Borne gently onward by the breeze,
Upon our ears doth softly fall,
While all around shows peace and ease.
Here dwells a sturdy settler bold ;
Two stalwart sons, with him reside ;
A loving wife, his arms enfold,
And a young daughter is his pride.
The men are working in the fields ;
The house-wife, busy with her cares,
To Maggie, for her aid, appeals,
Who now, a look of wonder wears ;
For, looking through the open door,
She sees, emerging from the wood,
Some dusky forms,—in number four,—
Who bear upon a litter rude,
Another form ; and, as they near,
She sees they're of the Indian race,
Walking slowly, it would appear
As if they could not change their pace.
Anon, they reach the open door,
And gently lay upon the ground,
The precious burden which they bore ;
And then the spokesman, turning round,
In broken English, begs her aid
For the poor sufferer, lying there ;
Then gently lifting up the plaid,
Disclose a face of beauty rare,—
His auburn hair, in waves so bright,
Above a forehead full and fair ;

And fine cut lips, now shut so tight,
That now a look of suffering wear.
The matron, who has just come out
To see what strange commotion's here,
Gives just one look, then turns about
Into the house, but reappears
In a short time, and beckons them
To bring their burden in, and place
Him on a cot, so neat and clean ;
Then orders Maggie off, in haste,
To bring her father to the house.
And soon, John has him snug in bed ;
His wound bandaged, nor tried to rouse
Him, as he had quite freely bled,
Then, leaving Maggie by his side,
He beckoned the silent Indians out ;
And to his questions, one replied,—
“ Early this morn, we started out
In quest of game, for daily need ;
When suddenly, we heard a shot,
A roar, a cry,—away we speed
Towards the place, from whence we thought
The sounds proceeded, that we heard ;
And in a little clearing, see
A wounded deer, that now appeared
Enraged, and fierce ; and, on his knee
A slender youth, trying to guard
Himself from the thrusts of his horns.
We raised our bows, the arrows sped ;

The huge beast tumbled over dead ;
And now, relieved from the great strain,
The youth fell forward in a faint,
While on the leaves, a blood-red stain
Shows he was wounded in the fight.
So a rude litter then, we made
Of the young trees, that grew around ;
And on it, the poor sufferer laid,
And, hastily bound up his wound :
So, knowing that you live near by ;
And that your heart is good and kind,
Thus, hither we resolved to hie,
Well knowing, that true friends he'd find."
"And you did right," the farmer said,
"Now come and dine, for it is noon ;
We'll keep the poor lad here in bed,
Until he's better of his wound."

We will not stop to tell of how
The poor youth, in delirium, raved,—
'Twas Maggie's hand bathed the hot brow ;
'Twas Maggie's hand the hot lips laved.
Sometimes he'd call a mother dear ;
Sometimes for sisters, he would ask ;
And then again, it would appear,
As if he had an irksome task ;
Then, on his father, he would call,
And wildly ask him to forgive,
Nor any of the past recall ;
That he might go back home to live.

Thus, through the balmy Summer days,
He lay, unconscious of his lot ;
And bending o'er, with anxious gaze,
Trying to cool those cheeks so hot,
Sat Maggie, tender, soothing, kind,—
For 'twas her hand, alone, had power
To soothe the patient's troubled mind.
But when, at last the fever broke,
Just at the rising of the Sun ;
He gently stirred, and then awoke
To semi-consciousness alone.
He dreams—for yet it seems a dream—
That, in a strange land, he awakes ;
Where all so very happy seem ;
While low sweet sounds, the stillness breaks.
It seems as if a vision fair,
With soft dark eyes, so sweetly kind,
With low white brow, and rich dark hair,
That hung in wavelets down behind.
And thus he lay, too weak to speak,
With half-closed eyelids, drinking in
The beauty of this face, so sweet,
That seemed to hover over him.
Then lulled to sleep unconsciously,
He slumbers on till afternoon ;
And then he stirs uneasily,
And Maggie quickly leaves the room.
And when he finds himself awake,
A kindly matron comes to him,

And tells him, that for his own sake
He must not talk much at a time ;
But, to his questioning look replies,
That he has been there, very ill ;
But that, she thinks, he soon can rise ;
But, for a while, to keep quite still,
Until he feels more strong and well ;
That he has fallen among friends,
And that, at present, she can't tell
Him any more, but he must rest,
And take some nourishment prepared,
And which he swallows with a zest.
And, gradually, his strength comes back ;
And during the long Summer days,
Although he sometimes feels the lack
Of some excitement, and his gaze
Turns wistfully towards the East ;
Yet, when the morning work is done,
Maggie steals in, and then, at least,
He's happy, for she has become,
To him, an angel of the light,
Whose slightest movement has a charm ;
Whose rosy cheeks, and eyes so bright,
Even colder natures might disarm.
Sometimes she reads to him from books
Her father brought with him from home ;
While he sits near, and fondly looks
At the fair picture, now become
So dear to him ; at other times,

She tells him tales of the redman,
So brave and fierce, and how sometimes,
When but a child, she used to scan
Their painted faces and strange dress,
With wonder, mingled with affright ;
Of how, one day when at her play,
A huge brown bear, from out the wood,
Caught, and was bearing her away,
No doubt to use her for his food ;
When suddenly, right in its path,
A brawny Indian chieftain stood.
On seeing him, the bear in wrath
Dropped Maggie, almost faint with fright ;
And, rearing on his two hind legs,
Rushed at the Indian, and a fight
Of utmost fury, there they wage.
His clothes are torn, and in his arm
A gash, from which the red blood flows ;
Although so horrible, yet a charm
It has for Maggie, who arose
At first, to run away from there ;
But lingers still. At length they fall ;
Above, the man ; below, the bear ;
He strikes once more, and that is all.
He swoons, and falls beside the beast,
And there they lay ; and Maggie runs,
And brings her father back, in haste ;
Who summons the farm-hands, which done,
The wounded hero home they bear ;

Apply restoratives, and soon
 He's able, with a little care,
 To walk around ; but yet his wound
 Is very painful, but a rest
 Of a few days restores him quite ;
 And, notwithstanding their request
 That he should stay,—“ It is not right,”
 He says, “ To longer stay away
 From my wigwam, therefore I must
 Return, with all the speed I may.”
 “ Then please accept our thanks, I trust
 That we may find a better way,
 In which, our gratitude, to show.”
 He turned, and quickly strode away,
 And soon entered the wood below.
 “ But we have ever since been friends,”
 Said Maggie, as she tells the tale,
 “ And sometimes venison, he sends,
 And one year, when our wheat crop failed,
 He kept us well supplied with food ;
 And a canoe for me has made,
 Which has the roughest billows stood ;
 And which, with soft fur, is inlaid.”
 Her patient listens to these tales
 With smiling interest, and he,
 In turn, tells her about himself ;
 When he, a boy, was so happy,
 But that he had, early in youth
 Displeased his father, and was sent

From home, and so, across the sea
Had come to Canada, intent
On winning fame, if it might be.
So, thus they chatted, day by day,
Until he had quite well become ;
And when 'twas time to go away
They kindly offered him a home.
And, though he feels their great kindness,
And from such friends is loath to part ;
He tells them, that he thinks it best
For him, in some business to start.
So, thus he leaves them, and two years
Roll slowly by, when one bright eve,
A noble looking youth appears,
That Maggie, though she'd scarce believe,
Feels, is the knight of all her dreams.
And, as he comes to where she stands,
With blushing cheeks, how fair she seem
To him as, standing with clasped hands,
They thus, seem one another's soul
To read ; and it is almost dark,
Ere the fond tale of love is told ;
And they awaken, with a start,
To think of others, who will miss
Maggie, and come in search of her.
So, sealing all with one more kiss,
They seek the house, that her father
Might now be told, and his consent
Sought for ; also his blessing asked.

These, after his surprise is spent,
He freely gives, and so they basked
In the rays of each other's love ;
Content, just now, to sit and dream,
As fairy visions fast they wove,
How joyful all things, to them, seem.

IONE.

Autumn, in all her beauty stands,—
The mellow sunlight, a bright glow
Throws over all the beauteous lands,
Which now a golden radiance show.
Here, in the home, where one bright morn
Gerald was brought a sufferer,
He now stands by a slender form,
Speaking the words that thus make her,
Who tended him through all those hours
Of suffering, his wedded wife.
And soon Gerald, to their home, led
His sweet young wife, with love and pride ;
Where love, o'er all, its influence shed ;
And joy and happiness abide ;
And wealth rolls in, and soon he finds
Himself comparatively rich ;
While a young daughter comes, and binds
Them closer still ; this little witch,
With Gerald's eyes, and Gerald's hair,
Soon grows to girlhood, and becomes
The parent's pride and greatest care ;

While then at liberty she roams,
With none for company, except
The large Newfoundland dog named Jack,
Who is her companion and pet ;
Whose watchfulness is never slack.
Part of her time in study spent ;
Her father teaches her each day ;
And now, in French, she is fluent ;
With German has made some headway.
Her music is her chief delight,
And often taking her guitar,
When the soft moon is shining bright,
And through the trees, the evening star,
She sits upon the lake's green shore,
And, for her parents sitting near,
Sings the old songs, oft heard before,
But which have now become so dear.
Softly, the strains of melody,
Borne gently onward by the breeze
Across the lake, and then away ,
Within the dark shade of the trees ;
While fainter, ever fainter still,
The echoes glide from tree to tree ;
While, down the slope, the murmuring rill
To hers, adds Nature's harmony.
And sitting hand in hand, so quiet,
The noble husband, and fair wife
Talk of the past, and of the fight,
That came so near taking his life.

Then calling to Ione, they all
 With merry talk and spicy jest,
 As the dew has begun to fall,
 Go to the house, to their night's rest.
 And all the sound, that is now heard,
 Is the low murmur of the lake ;
 Or the low call of some night bird,
 As its soft notes the stillness breaks.

THE HUNTER.

And now, let us again return
 To the incoming birch canoe,
 With Ione, sitting in the stern,
 Guiding her skiff so straight and true.
 Her father, standing on the shore,
 Wonders who her companion is ;
 It seems no one he's seen before ;
 And wonders what has come amiss.
 But rapidly they near the land,
 As swift the paddles fall and rise ;
 And soon the bow grates on the sand ;
 And laughing at her sire's surprise,
 Gives him her hand to help her out,
 As lightly to the land she springs,
 Which done, she quickly turns about
 And tells him, who it is she brings.
 The hunter feelingly describes,
 How she, from danger, rescued him ;
 And of her kindness then, besides

Her courteous invitation.

Her father listens with a smile,
Although not very much surprised ;
For Ione, often would beguile
The lazy hours of Summer days,
By short excursions to the wood,
With Jack, her rifle, and canoe,
And bring back a supply of food ;
And that she well could shoot, he knew,
Then to the house they all repair,
With Ione tripping on before,
So innocent, yet wondrous fair ;
Until they come to the hall door,
Where Maggie stands, to welcome give
The stranger. Then they soon are called
To supper, where more talkative,
Their guest, as the past he recalled,
Tells them, that, born in Canada,
Though his parents were of English blood,
And of the few, who loyally
For their own Mother Country stood ;
And thus as exiles here had come,
And with their axe, and their strong arms,
Had reared a little cabin home ;
And though there were frequent alarms
From Indians, yet had always
Remained secure, until one day
The Iroquois came, and their braves,
With wonted cruelty, burned their home,

And butchered all they saw around,
 Except his sister ; she alone
 With him escaped, nor were they found.

They wandered on, for many days,
 Eating the berries that they picked ;
 Or herbs, that grew along the way ;
 While on, through tangled brushwood thick,
 Until at last, with bleeding hands,
 And clothes all hanging down in rags,
 They come to where a village stands,
 To which their weary limbs they drag.
 The cure takes pity on their grief,
 And gives to them a home with him.
 The people come to their relief
 With garments, and their eyes are dim,
 As to the orphan's tale they list.
 And there they stay w th the kind cure,
 And in his labors they assist ;
 Learning lessons, both good and pure,
 And also, how to read and write ;
 With English and Latin, became
 Familiar,—spoke the French, now quite
 As fluent as their mother tongue.
 But Ronald Harris—such his name—
 Soon formed a taste for hunter's sport,
 And soon, gained quite a local fame,
 And earned enough for his support ;
 And now had wandered far from home,
 When with his late adventure met ;

As his delight now, was to roam
The large dark forests, there to get
Such views of Nature as he loved,
Free as the air, in which he moved,
Where everything is calm and bright.

Then supper o'er, the men stroll out
On the verandah, fresh and cool ;
Enjoy the night, and talk about
The coming war, where tyrants rule.
“’Tis said that war may be declared,
Between England and America ;
And the Americans have dared,
To boast of taking Canada.”

Thus they talked on, till they are joined
By the fair mother and Ione ;
When lighter topics then they find,
Of gayer aspect, brighter tone ;
Till the bright moon sinks in the West.
Then, to his room, their guest is shown ;
The others too, soon take their rest.
He sleeps to dream of fair Ione ;
As softly, through the open pane,
The whispering wind just fans his brow ;
The dream vanishes, to come again,
While outside, all is stillness now.

THE ALARM.

The eastern sky is all aglow
To welcome in the coming morn ;

While, stretching, up, is the bright bow
To tell another day is born.

And as old Sol, with stately tread,
Forth marches, from behind the trees,
A thousand answering sparkles shed,
From the light ripples that the breeze
Makes on the surface of the lake,
Their brightness ; and the foliage
Of varied hue, that the trees take
In Autumn, all along the edge,
Reflects its beauteous shades and tints.

And this is what the hunter views,
As, standing on the verandah,
Himself, in this bright scene, to lose,—
“Oh who would not, for Canada,
The fairest country in the world,
Shed his best blood in her defence,
When forth, her brave flag is unfurled,
And drive the rash invaders hence ?”
A sigh, scarce heard, breaks on his ear ;
He turns, and standing in the door
Is lone smiling, yet a tear
Hangs on her lashes, but before
He scarce recovers from surprise,
She tells him—that a messenger
Arrived in haste before sunrise.
And as she speaks, they see appear
Her father and the messenger ;
And Ione leaving, they soon broach

The subject of the coming war ;
That at the front all are astir,
And making ready for defence,
And raw recruits, from far and near, —
While the excitement is intense.
Some further talk they have, but now,
The call to breakfast summons them
Into the house, while on each brow,
Anxiety and care are shown.
Ronald has told them he must go
Back to his home, and there prepare
Himself and friends, to meet the foe ;
For they must, in the contest, share.
And Gerald, though he welcome gives,
Knows he is right, and wishes well ;
And Maggie speaks, before he leaves,
A few kind words, that soothing fell
Upon his ear, so long unused
To hear a mother's kindly words,
And which, as afterwards he mused,
Seemed like the sweet songs of the birds.

But, as he turns to say " Good-bye "
To fair Ione, with wonder sees
That she has stole away, but why ?
But looking out among the trees,
That line the walk down to the lake,
He thinks he sees something in white,
Towards which, his way, he quickly takes ;
Until a picture meets his sight

Of Ione, with her small rifle,
 And noble Jack bounding along ;
 And it was difficult to stifle
 The burning words, that fain would throng
 Up to his lips, for utterance.
 But, quickly overcoming these,—
 For, looking back at him, perchance
 To see what keeps him, then, with ease,
 She launches forth her little bark ;
 And, as he nears, she laughingly
 Tells him that, as it would be dark
 Before he gets far on his way,
 That Jack and she would see him safe
 Across the lake. Then all step in,
 And cautiously their places take.
 And so, once more, away they skim
 Across the blue lake's level brow,
 Talking of Nature's beauties rare,
 Then of the war, that threatens now
 To burst upon this land so fair ;
 Until they reach the further shore ;
 Then, stepping out, he bids adieu,
 Nor dare he stay to say aught more ;
 But, turning, soon is lost to view
 Of Ione, sitting in her skiff,
 And Jack in front, with ears alert,
 As if he did some danger sniff,
 With which these forests are begirt.
 And thus she sits, for a long while,

Musing upon the strange events,
That have come crowding for a while,
And of the stranger, gone from hence
To serve his country as he may ;
While gently rocking to and fro,
The laughing waves, now at their play,
As soft, the Autumn breezes blow ;
And overhead, the whispering leaves
Are talking in an unknown tongue ;
While Nature, as her spell she weaves,
Tells her 'tis glorious to be young.

But meanwhile, over hill and vale,
Through tangled brushwood growing thick,
The hunter follows the small trail,
That leads him to a hill, from whence
A lovely picture meets his gaze.
The hill, in terraces drops down
To a rich valley, where a haze,
That the radiant tree-tops crown.
Then upward, on the other slope,
The brilliant foliage, row on row,
While on the top a little group,
With the bright hues of the rain-bow.
And, at his feet, a little brook
Glides softly murmuring along,
And as its mazy course it took,
It seemed to ripple this sweet song.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

The snow is melting from the hills ;
 While creeping out from under,
 Are several, sparkling, tiny rills,
 That down the hillside wander.

They join in one upon the flat,
 And I take up the story,
 And take so many windings, that
 To follow me is worry.

And as I run with rush and roar,
 While high, the spray I'm throwing—
 With greater speed than e'er before ;
 As to the lake I'm going.

When summer comes, and soft winds blow—
 As hot the sun is shining—
 I change my pace, and move so slow,
 As if I were repining.

But now, again come autumn rains ;
 Once more headlong I'm rushing ;
 As if I had broke loose from chains ;
 While o'er me, trees are blushing.

And when Jack Frost comes, white and stern,
 And chills my brow to freezing ;
 Yet still along I wind and turn,
 To sparkle out more pleasing.

Just as I ween, some countenance,
 That looks stern and forbidding ;
 Yet has a warmer heart perchance,
 Though for a time is hidden.

And, as I rush out from the ice,
 To seethe and whirl in eddies,

I jump, I glide, and in a trice,
I'm moving on past meadows.

And, as the seasons come and go,
I change in my appearance ;
With each it seems, more beauties show ;
And teach all, perseverance.

Long stands the hunter, musing on ;
But, as the sun through parting leaves,
Tells him the day is nearly done,
A lingering look around, he gives ;
Then plunges in the wood once more,
With rapid strides, goes on his way ;
And then 'tis nearly dark, before
He comes to where he is to stay
During the night,—A small log hut,
Covered with boughs, that serve to keep
The rain, and snow and Jack Frost out.
A bed of leaves, all in a heap
In one corner : a small fire-place,—
A rustic bench is all you see
Of furniture, about the place.
The hunter now goes to a tree,
Against which stand some cedar sticks,
And soon a cheerful fire burns bright ;
A few potatoes then he picks
Up from a corner, out of sight ;
These, in among the coals, he throws ;
Then, from a wooden peg, he takes
A piece of venison, which shows,

That in the excursion that he makes
 In quest of game, that here he comes
 To eat his food or take his rest.
 Full soon, his simple meal is done,
 Which he eats with a hunter's zest ;
 Then wrapped up in a blanket warm,
 He throws himself upon the leaves,
 And soundly sleeps, and without harm ;
 While brilliant pictures fancy weaves.

THE MUSTERING.

Nature again doffs her white robe,
 To don the greener robe of Spring ;
 While the northern parts of the globe
 Again, with joyous echoes ring ;
 Again the song-birds trill their lays ;
 Again the robin red-breast's chirp
 Comes softly to us, as the rays
 Of the bright sun the dark usurp.
 Again the oriole swings her nest ;
 Again the crow's harsh voice is heard ;
 Again the bees, from their long rest,
 Begin their work, nor had demurred.
 Again the squirrels run to and fro ;
 Again the wood-chuck sits sedate ;
 Again the boys may bare-foot go,
 And lovers linger at the gate.

But what a contrast war presents
 To Nature's harmony so grand ;

The excitement now is most intense,
And loyal men we now demand.
The foe are mustering in the West,
To invade us, under General Hull ;
While working daily without rest,
To get prepared, during the lull
That comes before the storm, is our
Brave General Brock, drilling the men
Lately enlisted, who before
Had farmers, or shanty-men been.
But what of Ronald Harris, who,
When last we saw him, was en route
To see what service he could do
To aid his country, true and stout.
During the snow-bound Winter months,
He had organized a small force,
And when Spring came, they had at once
Put themselves ready, for, of course,
All now were pretty sure of war.
And as Spring into Summer merged,
And news is brought them from afar,
That Hull, so far his march had urged,
As now to be some distance o'er
The border line, and had issued
A proclamation, and that more,
Towards Amherstburg his march pursued ;
Where, in Fort Malden, but a few
Brave soldiers under Colonel St. George,
With high resolve and hearts so true,

Were waiting for the coming charge.
These stirring messages are heard
By all with lively interest,
And Ronald sends the company word
To march, at daybreak, for the West.

The shadows have less thick become,
As slow and silent, night sweeps forth ;
While in her track the great red sun
Comes marching from behind the earth.
While still the thick mists, vague and dim,
Linger to welcome in the morn,
Some shadowy forms, all dark and grim,
Are gathering, as the bugle horn
Sounds forth its order, clear and loud ;
While all along the shaded street,
Stand watching them, an anxious crowd.
Then, as each horseman takes his seat
A rousing cheer swells on the breeze,
And "Forward" is the next command.
Then, as they're lost among the trees,
A sigh is heard on every hand ;
And slowly homeward now they go,
While many an eye is moist and dim,
For all have loved ones there, who know
Their chance of coming back is slim.
And thus they go back to their work,
Where all seemed quiet, and so still ;
Their duties now they will not shirk,
Though the young soldiers, their thoughts, fill.

And what of those, who have set out
For where the scene of action lies ?
Riding along at a sharp trot,
While fast across the eastern skies
The crimson streaks are darting up ;
And soon the sun shines brightly forth.
We now, as at a brook they stop,
Can see a sight that would call forth
Expressions of extreme delight ;
As forth the thirsty steeds their necks
Now stretch, to reach the water bright.
Wild-flowers, each mossy bank bedeck ;
While, gracefully the tall elms bow
Their plumed crests, to acknowledge
The brook's sweet music, soft and low—
The horsemen stand along the edge.
“ Forward,” again rings sharp and clear,
The spur is used, and then away
At a sharp trot, to disappear.
With merry voices, laughter gay,
Among the foliage of the trees ;
And all is silent, save the brook,
Or the bird's song borne on the breeze,
While onward they their long way took.

THE JOURNEY.

The setting sun's soft mellow rays
Throw o'er the lake a misty light,
And in its deep transparency,

Reflecting a long path so bright ;
 While, in its centre, something dark
 Is gliding onward toward the shore,
 And soon we see, in her frail bark,
 Fair Ione, fairer than of yore ;
 And, in the bow, sits trusty Jack.
 Just as the bark glides in the cove,
 A bugle note rings sharp and clear,
 And, from the dusky wood above,
 A band of horsemen now appear,
 Who, in the ebbing light of day,
 As onward, toward the house, they ride,
 Seem warriors, ready for the fray ;
 And, that it would but ill betide
 The foe, who would their charges meet.
 But who is he that, at their head,
 With fine horsemanship, holds his seat ?
 This band, by such a warrior led,
 Might laugh at the thought of defeat.
 Thus thinks Ione, who watches them
 With kindling eye and mantled brow ;
 Then he, who leads, speaks to his men,
 And tells them to ride onward now,
 Until, unto an inn, they come ;
 There call a halt, till he arrives ;
 Then, as the cavalcade moves on,
 Proud thoughts, within his mind, arise.
 And turning quickly towards the house,
 He gives the gallant steed the rein,—

As light as air, they skim across
The narrow space that intervenes,
And, as he nears to where she stands,
Ione startled, before her sees
Him, who her affections commands,
The hero of her girlish dreams.
And now, dismounting with all ease,
To Ione, he more noble seems.
Ah ! what is that moment to them ?
In it a new world opens out ;
Love goes to meet love, nor can stem
The torrent, nor turn it about.
Thus, though their eyes but a moment
Send this sweet message, back and forth ;
To them, it seems an age thus spent
In happiness, not of this earth.
But now her father, who has heard
The bugle notes, comes to the door ;
To Ronald gives a hearty word
Of welcome, as he did of yore.
So, for a time, they all converse,
(As Maggie now has joined the group)
About the war-cloud that has burst,
And which will cause sadly to droop
Many fair heads in sorrow, felt
For loved ones gone, to come no more,
By a cruel blow that war has dealt,
As o'er the land its thunders roar.
As the pale moon's soft silent march

Brings her slowly above the trees,
 And onward, o'er the deep blue arch,
 To drop behind the western seas ;
 Were, slowly, strolling down the walk,
 Lined on each side with graceful elms,
 Two youthful forms, in earnest talk,
 Were treading in love's mazy realms.
 For, though unspoken, each one knew
 The other's love, and both felt now,
 That love, o'er all, a glamour threw ;
 Although each wore, upon the brow,
 A misty sadness, for they saw
 The dangers that stern war invokes,
 And half with hope, and half with awe,
 Looked forward to the clashing strokes.
 But now they reach the lake's green shore,
 And, for a moment, stop to view
 The panorama spread before,
 Where soft the moon lights up the blue.
 It is a time they'll ne'er forget,
 Where dawning love's enchanting smile,
 Where Nature lends her aid, to knit
 These souls, in stronger ties the while.
 And in a low soft tone, scarce more
 Than a faint echo of the wind,
 Ione repeats this passage o'er,
 That fits so closely in each mind.

IONE'S REFLECTIONS.

How sweet is Nature's voice, to her weak child,
As often to her sympathy I go ;
How many lessons from her, calm and mild,
She gives to me, in accents soft and low.

When softly whispering through the rustling leaves,
Telling sweet tales of love, and youthful joy ;
And fancies bright and beautiful, she weaves ;
And happiness, that is without alloy.

And then, she speaks in the water's low voice,
When softly rippling o'er the pebbles bright ;
Or, breaking on the rocks, with thundering noise,
To rouse the stillness of the peaceful night.

Again she speaks from out the pretty flowers,
And through the soft green grass of joyous Spring ;
As often, through the long and dreary hours,
I sit, and listen as the blithe birds sing.

Ah ! yes, and in her saddest tones, she speaks,
When Autumn's leaves are rustling in the wind ;
But through the melancholy tones, there ekes
A sad, yet calm sweet peace, upon the mind.

And as she talks to us, do we not feel
A longing after something vague, and dim ;
And higher thoughts, within our minds, then steal,
Prompting us nobler actions to begin.

They slowly turn from this bright scene,
And silently their steps retrace ;
Each filled with feelings, that, I ween,
Have for mere words, no fitting place.
And, as they come up to the house,

Where sit the parents chatting gay,
Says, "Duty, no more time, allows,
Therefore I must be on my way."
Gerald a few earnest words speaks,
And wishes well, in his behalf ;
His noble wife too, while she seeks
To hide her sorrow, and to chaff
Him on his military dress,
Yet gives her woman's sympathy,
Which, for their enterprise, she has,
And prayed they might have victory.
To these kind words, (he felt were meant)
Ronald could scarce, find a reply ;
Sadness and gratitude were blent,
And shewed forth in his speaking eye.
Then Ione, coming forward now,
Carrying something in her hands,
While blushes mantled cheek and brow,
Presents to Ronald, where he stands,
A beautiful embroidered sash,
Upon which hung a long bright sword ;
While, on the hilt, there gleam and flash
Many bright gems,—this she implored,
That he should wear for Canada,
And that, sometimes, it might recall
To him, when fighting far away,
The giver, who would pray that all
Might soon be settled peacefully ;
And Ronald, taken by surprise,

Bows low, his emotions to hide ;
Then in a tone so low, replies
That, to him, may great woe betide,
If he does aught to dishonor
Himself, his cause, or the fair hand
That wrought him this, and the donor,
Where'er his arm might wield the brand,
Will always be the guiding star,
To lead him on to victory.
Then, as before her low he kneels,
To kiss the hand, that memory
Has fondly dwelt upon, he feels
A sharper pang, than e'er before,
That this fair maiden, he must leave,
Perchance to never see her more,—
To leave her here, to pine and grieve.
But suddenly, his country's cause
Comes to his sad and troubled mind,
When quickly to his feet he rose,
To leave his pleasant hopes behind.
A warrior now ; a patriot bold ;—
Though none the less a lover true—
But, for his country he must hold
Himself, as bound to dare and do.
So, with a fond farewell to all,
And with a pressure of the hand,
Of one, whose image he recalls
So oft, in scenes both wild and grand.
Then, with a spring, he gains his seat

In the saddle of the brave steed,
Who, of all others, is so fleet,
So trusty, in the time of need.
Then, bowing low again, he wheels,
And dashes swiftly down the road,
As if to drown the pang he feels,
And ease his heart of its great load.
And soon, his comrades, he regains,
Then forward, at a swinging pace,
With jingling spurs, and loose held reins,
The riders sit with ease and grace.
And soon they're far upon the way,
Each filled with ardor for the fight,
And on, till the faint streaks of day,
Question the reign of sable Night.

THE BATTLE.

Between its high and wooded banks,
The Niagara rushes along,
Bearing its waters, which it drank
From Erie's reservoir, so strong.
The morn breaks cold, and angry winds
Roar through the tree-tops, dark and sad ;
While the rain falls in slanting lines,
As if its revels, now, it had.
The crested waves dash on the rocks,
Mingling their roar, so loud and deep ;
And Nature's forces meet in shocks,
As prelude to man's fierce mad sweep.

Along the northern bank, so steep,
Where high the rocks tower o'er the stream,
Canada's sentries, their watch keep,
Though all around so peaceful seems
But what is that across the waves,
Just barely seen through mist and rain?
Some shadowy objects, which the haze
Obscures, but soon they're seen again.
And this time, nearer than before,
As soft they're stealing o'er the lake,
It seems they're heading for this shore,
Oh, why will not someone awake?
Ah, is that not a silent form
Stealing along towards the bank?
He cares naught for the driving storm,
Although his clothes are cold and dank.
He, earnestly, peers through the mist,
And, as he thus is gazing forth,
Let us observe him, for I wist
'Tis one who, a study, is worth,
And now, methinks, 'tis one we've seen,
For is not that the hunter's form?
And that's the hunter's step, I ween;
Though why out in this driving storm?
A few days since he had been sent
By General Brock, to join his force
To that of Captain Dennis, went
To Queenston Heights for now the course
Of battle lay along this shore.

There, all the night, in restlessness,
Tossed on his pine couch, and before
The others waked, with cautious steps,
Stole forth to view the martial scene
That lay, spread out before his view,
When his quick eyes, so sharp and keen,
Noticed the boats, as near they drew.
Then suddenly, the call to arms
Rang out through wind and driving rain,
And Captain Dennis quickly forms
His men in line, the beach they gain,
And as the boats approach the shore,
They open a sharp, steady fire ;
While soon is heard the loud deep roar
Of the large gun, that carries dire
Destruction to the coming foe.

But under cover of the mist,
Where a rude path descends below,
O'er which, some vines their branches twist
To form a stair from Nature's hand,
Some companies the venture make
Of scaling, by this path, the height,
Which gained, would afford a command
Of the whole field, and they could take
The enemy in front and rear.
Thus cautiously, they cling and creep,
Till soon, some dusky forms appear
Above the summit's edge, then sweep
Upon the few, who at the gun

Are firing at the boats below.
A cry, a struggle, all is done.
And now, upon the gallant foe,
They turn the only gun they had,
Who thus surprised, and outnumbered,
In orderly array, commenced
A slow retreat, and soon entered
The little village, where they met
The gallant Brock, advancing fast
To reinforce the little band;
As o'er the field his glance he casts
He seems one worthy to command.

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The bugle horn sounds loud and high ;
The watchword cry is, " Forward All."
For now the enemy is nigh,
How readily each hears the call.
Now, down the village street, they come,
With heads erect, and martial tread ;
The clank of arms, the rattling drum,
And in each manly face, you read
Courage, and high resolve to win.
Thus, on they march, the foe to meet,
And, as the steep ascent begins,
A volley from the foe they greet
With rousing cheers, and answering shot.
And in the rush and excitement,
The recruit's fears are all forgot ;
As now, on victory he's bent.

And, at their head, the gallant Brock
Still cheers them onward, towards the mark.
Heard far above the battle's roar
Is "Forward volunteers of York."
But suddenly, he reels and falls—
The bullet has too truly sped—
Which e'en, the stoutest heart appeals ;
As, gone is he, who long has led
Them on, to glorious victory.
Hushed, for a moment, are the guns ;
Ceased, are the cries of combatants ;
A solemn stillness softly comes,
As if had fallen a sudden trance ;
When suddenly, from out the wood,
A little band of horsemen bound ;
Amazed an instant, both sides stood,
As on they come with thundering sound.

The leader sits with calm, pale face,
That speaks naught, of the fire within ;
As riding at that break-neck pace,
While follow close, the gallant men.
And, as the foremost ranks, they reach,
In thundering tones, shouts out the cry,
"Canada expects to-day, that each
Avenge his general, or die."

Just as in Summer, when the air
Seems heavy-laden with the heat,
And all, a look of languor, wear ;

And not a breeze, the hot brow greets.
When suddenly, loud roars the gale,
The sky, with clouds, is overcast ;
The thunders roll,—down falls the hail,
The clouds are flying thick and fast.
So now, where all had silent been,
The cry is borne from rock to rock,
“Vengeance or death ;” the guns begin,
The forces meet with thundering shock.
While towering o’er the surging mass,
The leader’s noble form is seen ;
And, here and there, doth quickly pass,
The posts of greatest danger, ’tween,
Cheering them on, by word and deed,
As rapidly, his pistols flash,
Aiding those who were most in need,
By here and there a rapid dash.
Thus, slowly back the foe are pressed,
Till suddenly is heard a cheer,
And reinforcements from the rest,
Above the hillock, then appear.
And, as war’s thunder-clouds roll on,
The solemn moon sails slowly forth,
And sadly, on this carnage, shone.
Ah ! are fame’s laurels this price worth ?
Thus, as war’s din grows less and less,
A solemn stillness reigns around ;
This is the warrior’s place of rest,
This is the hero’s burial ground.

And softly, moaning through the pines,
The wandering winds, their vigils, keep ;
And, o'er it all, the pale moon shines,
Till in the west, she sinks to sleep.

THE PILLAGE.

And now, let us again return
To the blue lake, and fair Ione ;
That, further tidings, we may learn,
Since last we saw her there alone.
Slowly, the days of waiting passed ;
And, sometimes, rumors from afar,
Of how the enemy, so fast,
Were pouring in to swell the war.
And, once a whisper reaches her,
That brings a glad light to her eyes,
About a gallant warrior,
In action bold ; in council wise ;
And who, at Queenston, led the charge,
After the fall of General Brock,
With courage great ; whose form so large,
At sword, or brillet seemed to mock.
And how, that many a dangerous task,
He, and his band of horsemen brave,
Had undertaken ; nor did ask
Aught, but the privilege to save.
So passes Autumn, bright and fair,
And Winter comes, with frost and snow ;
The battle hushed, the soldier's care

Is to make ready for the foe,
When next, in greater force, he comes
To scatter sorrow and dismay,
Into these fair Canadian homes.
Oh, may we drive him, soon, away !

And, once again, the bright warm sun
Sheds o'er our land, its melting rays ;
And, from the hills, the snow is gone ;
And, warm and bright the lengthening days.
But, once again, the war-cloud bursts
In thunder, all along the line ;
And Gerald, fearing for the worst,
Though fondest cares themselves entwine
To keep him bound in chains, at home,
A willing captive ; yet he feels
His country calls him forth to come,
In answer to her loud appeals.
So, making ready a small band,
With sadness, leaves the loving wife
And child, to take his first command,
And join him in the doubtful strife.
And in his Heavenly Father's care,
He leaves his loved ones, and sets forth,
In Canada's defense to share ;
By gallant deeds, to show his worth.

Thus pass the peaceful Summer days,
And Autumn, in her glory, stands ;
While subtle heats and shining haze

Spread over all the golden lands.
Softly the ripples, on the lake,
Reflect the sun's soft mellow light ;
Or, where the trees, their image make,
Of brilliant colors, warm and bright.
No alien sound breaks in, to mar
The perfect harmony, sublime.
All notes of Nature, near and far,
Are blended in one gliding rhyme.
But hark ! that discord rises clear ;
It is the tramp of horses' feet
And soon, from out the wood, appear
(Where overhead the branches meet)
A band of horsemen, riding fast,
Who, suddenly, their horses check,
As, anxious looks around they cast ;
The horses standing neck and neck.
Ah ! what is it that makes them pause,
With haggard looks, and brow of care ?
There, right before them, is the cause ;
How well might we, their horror, share :
For, where, when last the place they viewed,
'Midst trees, and flowers, and grassy lawn,
The large and stately farm-house stood ;
There now is nothing—all is gone,
Save, here and there, some timbers charred
And blackened as by fire ; while all
Around, the beauteous scene was marred
By tokens sad, that loudly call

For vengeance on the head that planned,
And on the arm that wrought this deed.
Such thoughts, as in dismay they scan
The awful wreck, make their hearts bleed.
And, when the first surprise was passed,
Two horsemen rode from out the band,
While searching looks around, they cast,
To see if none were near at hand.
The elder, by the courtly grace,
With which he rides the tall war-horse,
And by his noble handsome face,
Drawn now with sorrow at his loss,
We know 'tis Gerald, who thus views
The sad destruction of his home,
And who, from some source, seeks for news
Of where his loved ones all have gone.
The younger one is taller, some ;
And dark the hair, and dark the eye ;
Ah ! yes, 'tis Ronald, who has come
Back, crowned with laurels, with hopes high,
That he, the honors bravely won,
May cast low at the feet, of her,
His only love, his ideal one,
His fondest dream, his earthly star.
Thus, long they stand, too overcome
With dark forebodings, aught to speak ;
While slowly marches the bright sun
On toward the West, his rest to seek.
When suddenly, they spy a form

Approaching slowly from the lake,
 With languid step, weary and worn,
 Doth a most sad appearance make.
 And, as he comes nearer to them,
 Though sadly changed by want and care,
 They see that 'tis old Ansalem,
 Who, with Ione, her plays did share.
 And, to the hurried questions asked
 By Gerald, not a word can speak,—
 It seems as if his strength is tasked
 To its utmost, for twice he seeks
 To form an answer, but a groan
 Is all escapes him, till, at length,
 With mighty effort, in a tone
 At first scarce heard, but gathers strength
 As he proceeds, tells how, one morn,
 A band of soldiers, rough and rude,
 Came here with merry blast of horn,
 And loudly ordered out some food ;
 And then, towards the stables, went
 To give their wearied horses care ;
 And, while at this, some time they spent,
 We could for our defense prepare.

And Miss Ione, with courage high,
 Ordered the doors and windows barred ;
 The guns brought in, and a supply
 Of ammunition quick prepared.
 So, when the soldiers swaggered forth
 Beheld an unexpected sight ;

But on, like fiends just sprung to birth,
Against the doors, with all their might.
Sharply a rifle-shot rang out ;
A soldier's arm fell at his side ;
Then, turning suddenly about,
They rushed across the drive-way wide,
A hurried council, there to hold,
Results, of which, we saw anon.
Inside, the little band of bold
Farm-hands, and servants of the home,
Were strengthening their barricade.
While Miss Ione, from place to place,
Sped swift to see that all was made
Secure with bolt, or bar, or brace.
While, to each anxious one, she gave
A word of hope or comfort sweet,
“That God, from danger, will them save—
Let each, to Him, a prayer repeat.”
So, cheered and hopeful, each one felt
A courage high steal in the breast,
As, for a moment, they all knelt,
To God's kind care themselves entrust.

But soon, the hasty council o'er,
The soldiers made another rush,
This time, at nearly every door.
But all in vain they pound and push ;
For, once again, the rifle flashed,
Another soldier wounded, fell ;
Bearing their comrade, off they dashed

Towards the elms, where they well
 Were sheltered from that deadly aim.
 And they, too, brought their guns to bear
 Upon the house, till it became
 Unsafe, to stand a window near.
 So, thus they fought the whole long day,
 Till worn by toil and anxious care—
 The barricade near torn away,
 Of which, the enemy aware
 Were waiting, till Night's sable told
 Enwrapped the scene, to burst the doors,
 And wreck their vengeance uncontrolled ;
 And feast upon the cellar's stores.
 But Miss Ione commands each one
 To lade them with what goods they can,
 And to bring food, for that the sun
 Might rise, and set upon the land,
 Before they reach a safe retreat.
 Then, just as o'er the western skies
 The sun's rays, like a flaming sheet,
 In burning gold, the dark blue dyes,
 The little band of faithful men
 And women, gather round Ione
 And her fond mother, each laden
 With all, now left them of their home.
 And silently they go below,
 To where, from out of the huge stone wall,
 A pondrous door swings out, to show
 A secret passage. And when all

Had entered, slowly back it swings,
Leaving no sign of those within
Following the passage, that brings
Them to the lake's low level brim.
Still silent, in the larger boat,
They all, except Ione and Jack,
Are soon upon the lake afloat,
Upon whose path they leave no track.
But Ione, with old Ansalem,
Lingers to cover the retreat,
And watch the actions of the men,
When made aware of their defeat.
And soon they hear a fearful din,
And shouts, and hurried tramp of feet ;
And then some lurid flames begin
Their anxious straining eyes to greet.
The old man turns his pitying eyes
Upon the fair maid standing near,
Who neither speaks nor moves, as rise
The seething flames in mad career.
And when the flames, as wearied were,
Content to quit their gambols wild,
Have gone to rest, no more appear,
Except in fits and starts the while,
Fair Ione turns to her canoe ;
While Jack takes his accustomed seat ;
Then to old Ansalem bids adieu,
And tells him that if he should meet
Her father, to bid him in haste

Seek them, as, at Fort Frontenac
They'd try to find a hiding-place,
Until to them he would come back.
Thus, with pale face, though steady hand,
She pushes off her little bark,
And quickly glides forth from the land—
The night descends, and all is dark.

Gerald, as to this tale he lists,
Can scarce his fierce emotions hide ;
While oft he clears away the mists,
That fain would give vent to the tide
Of pent-up feelings, yet he speaks
Quite calmly to the men, and says
That he must leave them, while he seeks
For the lost loved ones, many days,
No doubt awaiting his return,
With anxious looks and hopes deferred ;
As now they had no means to learn
His whereabouts, and had not heard
Of their return. But as he turns
Slowly to leave them, Ronald's voice
Recalls him for a moment, till
He tells the men to take their choice--
To go back homeward, if they will,
Where anxious friends wait their return,
Where loving faces, gazing forth,
Tokens of their approach to learn.
To have bright scenes of joy and mirth,
And welcome give their heroes home ;

“ But as for me, my friends are few,
And I so much the forests roam,
That, when but very young, I grew
To love their solitude sublime ;
I join our General in his quest,
To ne’er return until we find
His loved ones now in deep distress.
Like the low murmur of the sea,
Or the deep echo that at night
The rapid makes amid the trees
That tower above the waters bright,
Is heard the sound of discontent,
That soon breaks forth in hearty cheers,—
“ We’ll follow e’er our captain’s bent,
In weal or woe, we have no fears.”
Proudly doth Ronald gaze around
Upon each weather-beaten face,
Where daring courage doth abound,
And sits on each, with careless grace.
“ My brothers, words but very ill
Express my gratitude to you
For your kind faithfulness, but still
I feel that I would not be true
To the firm trust you place in me,
Were I to profit by your love ;
Therefore I must—though ’t grieves me sore—
Urge you, your faithfulness to prove
By seeking home and friends, before
Your country calls again to arms ;

So leave me now, loved ones to greet,
Nor cause them any more alarms ;
Therefore farewell, till next we meet.”
Slowly the men, as soldiers trained,
Obey their loved captain’s command ;
Though loathe to leave him, each one strained,
In friendly grasp, his parting hand.
Then, at the word “ Forward, quick march !”
They file into the wood’s dim shade ;
While, o’er their heads a gorgeous arch,
The trees, in Autumn garments, made.
And out along the western road,
Two other horsemen at full speed ;
As love and fear them onward goad,
Naught of the beauty round they see ;
While, on the hill old Ansalem,
With straining eye, their pathway marks ;
His prayers and thoughts still follow them
While strolling to his hut of barks,
With gold supplied, and food enough
To last him through another day ;
While down his cheeks, furrowed and rough,
The blinding tears made free headway.
And the bright sky, in varied tints,
Reflects its image in the lake ;
While to the lake the dark wood hints
That ’tis the time their rest to take.
As noiselessly Night’s curtain falls,
The shadows deep and deeper grow ;

The nodding trees, in dreams, recall
Their struggles 'gainst the tempest's blow.
So Nature sleeps in restful peace,
Tired with the heat and noise of day ;
Let us, from her these lessons lease,
And put all care and thought away.

THE RESCUE.

The sun rides high, in splendor great,
His chariot-steeds bedecked with gold ;
While Nature, in her robes of state,
Awaits to welcome in the cold.
The mellow airs their gambols hold
Sometimes, in whispers to the leaves ;
Sometimes they e'en become quite bold,
And shake the branches of the trees,
From which the nuts in clusters fall ;
While fast the busy squirrel works,
And chattering, to his mate doth call,
Who, he may think, her duty shirks.
The Autumn leaves so soft and thick,
A carpet make of varied hue ;
While flowing slow, a little creek,
Along which spreading maples grew.
But hark ! the rush of trampling feet
Invades the solemn stillness now.
And murmuring voices, the ears greet
Of the red squirrel on yonder bough.
And nearer, ever nearer still,

These sounds approach, and soon some forms
Emerge to view, and more, until
Some fifty warriors, each adorned
With scalp-lock, filled with the tall plumes
Of the wild turkey, and each face
Painted for war, a look assumes
Of fierceness ; as the Indian race
Think needful thus their forms to mar.
And often, on their naked breasts,
Are seen the marks of many a scar,
Of wounds received in fierce contests.
Behind these braves the squaws appear ;
Though not so fierce, yet noisier, far ;
Whose voices shrill, rang loud and clear
Like bugle notes in times of war.
Behind these, still another band
Of Indian warriors, and their chief,
The bravest warrior in the land,
Whose hand is strong, whose words are brief.
Stately his small mustang he rode,
And, as the brooklet's bank they near,
He orders that all should unload
Their burdens ; and their wigwams rear.
And soon a scene, most picturesque,
Presents itself, of the tall braves
In costumes varied and grotesque,
Bedecked with beads, which their taste craves.
Soon wigwams tall invade the scene ;
The chief's, as the distinction claimed,

Stood in the center, while a screen
Of maple boughs, above it waved.
But who are those now being led
To the small wigwam, near the chief's ?
Their faces show no fear or dread,
But still there are some hidden griefs.
They to the pale-face race belong,
Though by the wind and sun are browned.
They're bound by neither fear nor thong,
And treated well by all around ;
Yet, small soft hands and waving hair,
And dainty feet encased in shoes
Proclaim that they are women fair,
Held captive here by force, or ruse.
But something in their faces sad,
Or in their air, or step, or glance,
Tell us, in other times more glad,
Them we have seen, or known perchance.
Ah ! yes. 'Tis Margaret and Ione
With their old servants, tried and true ;
For whom Gerald and Ronald roam
The pathless forest ; yet some clew
They get from time to time ; although
No tidings have the captives heard
Since that sad night, when forced to go
Forth from their home, and had wandered
For many days, till captives ta'en,
Though not without a struggle fierce,
Till all the men were cruelly slain,

And Ione, with an arrow pierced,
 Though firing still with deadly aim.
 But all in vain, taken and bound,
 (Though soon they could some freedom claim,)

But were at all times watched, nor found
 As yet a way their escape to make.
 They tried their best to seem content,
 Lest suspicion in their captors wake,
 Might all their plans then circumvent.
 Away, not many miles from where
 The Indian warriors' village stood,
 Two weary horsemen, worn with care,
 Are passing, where the road commands
 A view of all the country round ;
 Where rich dark valleys and hill-tops
 With towering elms, or maples crowned ;
 On a steep bluff, from which the rocks
 Protruding, make a natural stair,
 Or, here and there a little cave,
 Where, in the Spring-time, flowers fair
 Shed forth their fragrance, while they pave
 The floor with carpets of bright hues,
 For the lone redman who may stray
 Into these wilds, to hunt or muse
 On themes, perchance, both sad and gay.

But naught of this picturesque scene
 Do these tired horsemen seem to see ;
 As each a little forward lean,
 Watching the road most eagerly,

When suddenly they check their speed,
Where, through an opening 'mid the trees,
A road, into the forest leads ;
Which they might follow still with ease.
But, as the shadows start to fall,
That tell them night is coming on,
They now dismount, weary withal,
And loose their steeds, which now had gone
So many weary miles that day ;
And soon a simple meal prepared,
With food, procured along the way ;
Though relished more than dainty fare,
By those to hunger's pangs unknown ;
Who, sitting in their pillowed chair,
Into proud indolence have grown.
But, as they now are thus employed,
We see 'tis Gerald, who has come
With Ronald Harris, so far buoyed
By hopes of finding their loved ones.
Then, from the little spring hard by,
That bubbles forth its waters pure,
They slake their thirst, and then they try
Some pine-tree branches to procure,
With which a bed, fragrant and soft,
They make under the maple's shade ;
Prepare to sleep, as they had oft
Before at night, their rude couch made.
And soon, around them all is still,
Save, when the distant fox's bark

Is answered by the scream so shrill,
Of the wild cat, and all is dark.

Brightly and cool, the fresh morn breaks,
And ere the sun, above the trees,
Smiles forth on all the lands, and makes
All nature glorious, while the breeze
Wakes up, and stealing softly forth,
Rustles the brilliant Autumn leaves,
Making them dance with joy and mirth,
The horsemen have again set out
And still press onward with all speed ;
Although as they proceed, their route,
Farther into the forest leads ;
Requires more caution lest there be,
Along their path a lurking foe
Behind some bush or fallen tree
Whose tomahawk or sharp arrow
Might speed in silence, to its mark ;
Or whose war-whoop, from out the wood,
Might many faces, fierce and dark,
Bring forth to shed the white man's blood.
So, on they press till nearly noon,
When, from the freshness of the trail,
They deem that they will very soon
O'ertake the redman without fail,
Who yet know naught of their approach.
And now dismounting cautiously,
Gerald remains, the steeds to watch ;
While Ronald steals forth silently,

More of their wary foe to learn.
And when he walks about a mile,
Faint sounds to his quick ear are borne.
He stop^s, and listens for a-while ;
Then lying flat upon his face,
He creeps to where a little hill
O'erlooks the redman's camping-place—
Long he looks down, lying quite still.
Deeming themselves secure, the foe
Have slackened much their watchfulness,
Lazily saunter to and fro.
The children, full of playfulness,
Are tumbling now, in gambols wild,
Or seated on a swinging bough,
A cradle safe for Nature's child ;
While breezes fan their dark low brows
Most of the warriors, early went
To hunt for game, leaving behind
Only a few, whose time was spent
In dressing skins, with which they lined
Their birch canoes, or at some fort
Would barter for powder and shot.
Or the fire-water, which to court
Their favor, the white man forgot
His honor, in his greed for gain,
And used to poison the poor race
Despised by him, leaving a stain
That centuries may not efface.

Ronald scans all with practised eye ;
 Then, with a thrill of joy and fear,
 The watcher sees, from out a tent,
 Two female forms at length appear,
 With footsteps slow and heads part bent.
 Yet proudly, from their haughty eyes,
 Their glances on their captors fall.
 They wander off with slow sad steps,
 Towards where the hunter lay concealed,
 Thinking of loved ones with regrets.
 By a slight stir, Ronald revealed
 Himself to their quick startled glance ;
 He signs for silence, lest there may
 Some person towards that place advance ;
 Then, slowly turning where he lay,
 And peeling from a tree the bark,
 He, with his sword-point, scratches down,
 " I, with your father, ere 'tis dark,
 Will here return, if we're not found.
 Be ready your escape to make."
 Meanwhile the women stroll along ;
 No look towards Ronald do they take,
 Lest a mistrust of something wrong,
 Might the redman's suspicion wake.
 At length they turn, come slowly back ;
 While Ione sings (as oft before)
 And the bark drops beside the track ;
 Her kerchief falls ; and stooping o'er,
 Hides both within her dress' folds ;

Then strolling onward to their tent—
Within its shelter she unrolls,
With trembling hand, this message sent
By him, she had thought far away ;
And, whispering read the joyful news
To all the women standing by—
Words which courage hope infuse.

Meanwhile, with quick but cautious steps,
From the hill Ronald glides away,
Returns to Gerald, who awaits
Anxious, at his protracted stay.
He tells him all that he has seen,
And of the writing on the bark ;
Then, in a thicket's sheltering screen,
They tie the horses, while they mark
The place with woodman's practised skill ;
Then steal away with anxious haste
To the outlook upon the hill,
Where they had scarce become well-placed,
When, forth from out the small tepee,
Two female forms they see emerge,
Strolling along quite carelessly,
Until they reach the forest's verge ;
When two others, whom Gerald knew
As servants, in the happier days,
Walked towards the lake, as if to view
Reflected there, the sun's bright rays,
Then gradually they change their course
Towards where their rescuers, hidden, lie.

Then, as they meet, they turn and go
Back, till the little hill they near,
Giving a swift glance towards the foe,
Then, in the wood's shade, disappear.

But scarce has the last fleeting form
Gone from the sight, than the alarm
Sounds through the village of the flight.
Then, with their war-whoop, loud and shrill,
The warriors start in hot pursuit,
While, through the wood, the others still,
With flying steps pursue their route.
But all in vain, nearer they came,
Till Ronald bids them onward flee,
As he will stay, to give welcome
To the fierce foe, whom now they see.
And Gerald, though he's loth to go,
Sees 'tis the only chance to save
The women from the vengeful foe,
And Hope once more an impulse gave.
So, on they go, and Ronald turns,
Ready his dangerous post to guard,
As now some dusky forms discerns,
Whose progress he is to retard.
But, ere they come within the range
Of his true aim, upon his arm
A pressure feels, and there Ione
He sees with wonder and alarm.
She motions him to silent be,
And for her use his rifle give,

Then steals behind another tree,
Ready with him to die or live.
Then shrill, again, the war-whoop sounds,
Its echoes borne from tree to tree,
As on they come with mighty bounds,
For Ione's skirts their quick eyes see.
The lovers have but time to give
One parting look, it seems to them,
Though, in that moment, seem to live,
Of deepest love, a whole lifetime.
One moment, then distinct and clear,
A rifle-shot rings on the air ;
Like magic, the braves disappear,
To near their foe with greater care.
But at this instant, from behind,
Along the path, the others went,
Break forth such fierce yells, as the mind
Could scarce believe man could invent.
And soon along the path they see,
In haste the others coming back ;
While echoing from tree to tree,
Those horrid yells pursue their track.
And as they reach the place, where stand
Ione and Ronald, then they pause ;
While now around on every hand
Sound the shrill war-whoops of their foes.
But, stepping each behind a tree,
That they a triangle might form,
On every hand, the foe might see,

When they, their little fort would storm.
And in the centre, crouching low,
The other women take their place ;
And now the redmen bolder grow,
As fast in numbers they increase.
For a short time there is a hush,
Then, at a signal from the chief,
They all come forward in a rush,
Intent to make the struggle brief.
But now, three shots ring sharp and clear,
Three braves, to happy hunting grounds
Have gone, The rest draw back in fear,
Although the place their force surrounds.
But soon they forward rush again,
With yells like demons just let loose,
O'er which the rifle-shots ring plain.
Though many fall, they do not use
Their weapons ; but seem more intent
To take them captive. So they press
Right on, in spite of bullets sent
With deadly aim, as less and less
Their force became. But when, at length,
A warrior tall, had forced his way
Up to Ione, with mighty strength
Ronald, with one mad desperate bound,
Had gained his side and dealt a blow
That felled him heavily to the ground.
Turning to see if she is safe,
He gives the Indian chance to rise,

Who instantly draws forth his knife,
To make a lunge at Ronald tries ;
But, with a grip like bands of steel,
His fingers close upon his wrist ;
Each, in his antagonist, feels
A worthy foeman, as they twist
And lunge and parry, writhe and turn,
Besmeared with blood that freely flows
From many gaping, ghastly wounds.
With a great effort, Ronald throws
His adversary to the ground,
Where still they wrestle for dear life,
With labored breath and straining eye.
The others watch the dubious strife,
And cease from fight unconsciously.
But hark ! a hearty British cheer
Rings loudly forth its welcome sound—
The redmen turn with dread and fear,
Peering into the woods around.
But, as the rush of trampling feet
They hear approaching rapidly,
They turn to run, with footsteps fleet ;
But ere they go, a sharp volley
Of leaden bullets whistles near,
And many a stalwart warrior brave,
Falls forward, then to disappear,
And finds a lonely forest grave.
But, as the men surround the scene,
Ronald disarms his struggling foe,

Who waits his fate with smile serene,
Though now expecting the death-blow.
But Ronald motions him to rise ;
Then, turning to his rescuers,
He sees with gladness and surprise,
That 'tis his faithful followers
Who thus have unexpected come
Here just in time, their friends to save ;
And, as the men their captain see,
Three hearty British cheers they gave ;
All welcome them most thankfully,
The women weeping tears of joy.
Then, to the questions of the men,
Of what means they had to employ
To follow them so far from home,
The leader answers for them all,
That they, at their captain's command,
Had made their friends a hasty call ;
Then, all together next had planned
To follow them, as they might need
Their aid. Soon everything prepared,
The band set out with all the speed
That friendship gave, which each one shared
For their young captain. So would get,
From time to time, some slight report
Of their lone route, from persons met,
Until at night they reached the Fort.
Then, hearing of the Indian raid,
Set out at daybreak on their trail ;

And since had neither stopped nor stayed,
Fearing that e'en yet they might fail.

"So when we came to where we found
The horses tied, we guessed the cause ;
Dismounting, we then heard the sound
Of rapid firing ; then the pause
Made us to fear lest we were late.
But eagerly we hurried on
Determined still to learn your fate,
And seek revenge, if you were gone."

Ronald again his gratitude
Expressed to them in warmest terms ;
Then turns to where the chieftain stood,
And calmly waits his fate to learn.
Ronald tells him that he is free ;
That low revenge they do not seek ;
He calmly listens, it may be
Too much astonished then to speak.
Seeming, at length to understand,
In broken English he replies :
"White man may go to his own land,
No more his Indian brother tries
To do him harm." Then slowly folds
His blanket round his stately form,
As o'er his wounds his hand he holds,
Yet gives no other sign, he turns,
And with a stately step, and slow,
Moves on into the forest's shade ;
To the white man no more a foe,

But a firm friend, by kindness made.
 Backward towards home, the little band
 Of rescued and of rescuers go ;
 With gratitude their hearts expand,
 As, of the rescue from the foe,
 They think. And so the forest's depths,
 All traces of that tragic scene,
 Hide from the busy world, where slept
 The fallen braves, upon the green.
 While o'er their graves the waving boughs
 Their vigils keep ; and the song-birds
 Warble their notes, as though to rouse
 The solemn stillness into words
 Of grateful praise ; while wandering winds
 Play softly through the rustling leaves.
 Here weariness a sweet rest finds,
 And fairy phantoms fancy weaves.

HOME.

The war-cloud, all has passed away,
 And peace smiles o'er the happy land,
 Though many hearts, before so gay,
 Are broken by war's cruel hand.
 While over all a sadness steals,
 From the fierce struggle of the past
 Each a mellowing influence feels,
 Like a faint shadow that is cast
 Sometimes, by floating vapors thin,
 O'er the sun's bright and warming rays,

Making a softer light within,
On which more noble feelings play.
Again, it is the sunset's hour ;
Again, we see the little lake ;
Again the trees, that o'er it tower ;
Again the breeze soft ripples, makes.
Here, where some years before, had stood
A hunter tall, this scene to view—
Here, where a rich luxuriant wood,
In its mirror its beauty threw—
Here, where from out the tree-top high,
The dreaded panther fell to earth—
Here, where the maid with laughing eye,
The startled hunter viewed with mirth,
A stately farm-house now, there stands ;
While, stretching back are broad green fields
Of waving grain that forest lands
In copious abundance yields.
Here, neath the cool verandah's shade,
Sit two, on whom the passing years
Have but a faint impression made ;
Where, of past trials, slight trace appears.
Ione, as fair as on the eve
The stranger, in her bark canoe,
She guided home, there to receive
A welcome from which friendship grew.
Beside her, in his huge arm-chair,
Wearing a look of sweet content,
Sits Ronald, while a maiden fair,

Upon his shoulder, lightly leant.
A youth with Ronald's hair and eyes,
And stately form, and broad white brow ;
With Ronald's smile, as he replies
To his mother, in accents low.
While out upon the lawn at play,
Two younger children, full of fun,
With merry voices, laughter gay,
Are romping with old Ansalem.

Now and again the eyes of all
Expectant turn towards the lake,
On whose bright waves rises and falls
A bark canoe as if to shake,
From its curved prow the shining spray.
And, as it lands from its soft seat,
Maggie and Gerald, laughing gay,
Rise up their children's love to greet ;
And by them to be led away
Up to the house, from whence they still
Can see their own home where it stands ;
Though it will ne'er the same place fill
For them, as that one, which their hands
Had built, with youthful hope and joy ;
Though now their days are peaceful spent
In happiness, without alloy,
Into one gliding rhyme, are blent.
So, thus we leave them, as they rest
From busy toil and worrying care ;
With such joy may they still be blest,

In one another's love to share.
 And may the children be as brave,
 As their father, himself, has shown ;
 And may their loving daughter, crave
 The constancy of fair Ione.

YOUTHFUL FANCIES.



MY DAY DREAMS.

“ Ut mihi devio
 ripas, et vacuum nemus
 mirari libet.”—*Horace, Ode III, Carmen XXIV.*

What are these, that crowd around me,
 In my silent study hours ?
 Thoughts and visions of past pleasures,
 Over which my reason towers.

Thoughts and longings of some phantom,
 Which, in words, I can't express ;
 While I strive to put them from me ;
 Yet they seem to ne'er grow less.

How, when in my boyish freedom,
 At a time I knew no care,
 I was wont to have my day-dreams,
 Then these visions would appear.

But my friends all deemed them foolish,
And I tried to put them by ;
And, in part, I had succeeded ;
Though it was with many a sigh.

How I gazed, with open wonder,
On the world, before my eyes ;
Every song bird had an echo,
In my heart, so full of praise.

How, in every flower and insect,
I could find some food, for thought ;
But it was the thought of childhood,
Not as yet been trained or taught.

How, at times, I sat in silence
'Neath the maple's gentle shade ;
Or reclined on some soft bank,
While my comrades talked or played,

Listening to the rippling brooklet,
Making music, soft and sweet,
As it danced along so merrily,
O'er the pebbles at my feet.

These were but the dreams of boyhood,—
Yet they linger with me still,—
Ere I had begun my labor,
On the treadle of life's mill.

And with these, there are yet others,
Which my words cannot express,—
Longings after something nameless,
Growing ever less and less.

In the light of thought and reason,
But which never take a form ;
Like the restless flitting shadows,
In a whirling, eddying storm.

Still we must press ever onward,
Striving always for the right ;
Trusting in our Heavenly Father ;
Trying always to be bright,

Trusting Him, for every blessing,
Who so bountifully bestows ;
And we know that He will bless us,
Though attacked by many foes.

MAMMA AND BABY.

In the days of joyous Springtime,
Filled with hum of busy bees ;
When the zephyrs, perfume laden
From the blossoming apple trees,

Come in gently through the window,
Opened wide upon the lawn,
Kiss the little infant sleeping,
With its breath so lightly drawn.

Round the kitchen, mamma working ;
Softly humming a sweet song ;
Thinking of her sleeping darling ;
Thoughts that help her work along.

Slyly steals she to the cradle ;
Softly smoothes the sun-gilt curls ;
Fondly feasts upon the fair face ;
Drops two tears like tiny pearls.

This her greatest pride and pleasure ;
This her fondest hope and joy ;
This her dearest earthly treasure ;
This her darling baby boy.

Slowly ope the little eye-lids ;
Sweetly smile the laughing eyes ;
Stretching forth two dimpled, round arms,
Slyly he looks up and—cries.

THE KISS.

One day, the children, now just let out
To take their recess, playing about,

Glad in the freedom from all their work,
Which, though so tiresome, none would dare shirk.

When, of a sudden, up rose a cry ;
All turned to see where the cause might lie,—
There, little Bertha, sobbing away,—
“What is the matter ? Tell us we pray.”

But sobbing harder at our request—
To calm and soothe her, we did our best ;
And when her tear-drops more slowly fell,
With many blushes, she began to tell :—

“T-th-that li-lit-little bad boy, th-that nasty Roy
C-came up and k-kissed me, just to annoy.”
And when the culprit was summoned forth,
With his roguish eyes brim full of mirth

Said : “Ves I kissed her, for don't you know,
She, with a big stick, struck me a blow ?
And to return, sir, for bad deeds, good,
I up and kissed her, just where she stood.”

LOVE'S DREAM.

Sweet the dream that love then gave us ;
Bright the happy present seemed ;
Brighter still, the golden future ;
Sweet the visions that we dreamed.

We were all in all to other ;
Little cared we for the world,
With its freight of struggling mortals,
That along the way are whirled.

Happy, if from observation,
Free from all ambition's clang,
Hand in hand to roam the wild-wood,
Where our merry laughter rang.

There to pick the fragrant wild-flowers
Scattered all about our feet ;
Or to read our favorite authors,
With an old tree for a seat.

Can it be you're gone forever?
Come, oh come again I pray,
Does the night of dark cold logic,
Ever hide love's calm sweet day?

Do not speed away forever !
Let thy glorious rays divine,
But return ; how we will treasure
Wealth, from such a precious mine.

THE BLUE CHURCH ON THE HILL.

What ! can it be that I am standing,
Where our forefathers have trod ;

By faithful toil, without complaining,
Reared a church to worship God ?

Back a little from the landing,
Where the wild waves lash the shore,
When the storms, around are howling,
And the loud and fierce blasts roar ;

Or when soft the south winds blowing,
Making ripples, bright and gay,
On the pebbles, are bestowing
Kisses, in their merry play ;

Stands a little blue church nestling
Snugly 'mid a grove of pines ;
Through which the wind is softly whistling.
Like a sad one, who repines.

In the church-yard they lie sleeping,
Resting after all their toils ;
(While the pines their watch are keeping)
Freed from all of earth's turmoils.

'Twas a woman's earnest efforts,
Kept alive the spark of zeal ;
Just a few poured forth, in transports,
Praises they so fully feel.

Oh, the joy that must have filled them,
When their little church was built ;

With what fervor sang the anthem ;
Or in prayer how humbly knelt.

This the herald of all others,
That our cities, now, bedeck ;
With what gratitude should mothers
Praise the name of Barbara Heck !

Thus we learn what earnest labor
Can, with God's aid, always do ;
From this thought, oh heartsick brother,
May your efforts start anew.

Thoughts, like these, come crowding on us ;
As we slowly turn to go ;
May such lessons permeate us,
Freely as the waters flow.

RASP-BERRYING.

Brightly the new morn breaks upon the lands so fair ;
Softly the song bird's lay floats out on the still air ;
And now the sun smiles forth on wood-tops bright and green,
On waving meadows fair, and on the cornfield's sheen.

At length it searches out, here at the thick wood's edge,
Shaded by elms tall, with willows for a hedge,
A "berry-patch," the place where women's fond hopes lie
For winter-stores of fruit,—of jelly bye and bye.

Scarce has the sun an hour rode onward on his course,
When a straw hat glides in, as by an unseen force,
And stops before a bush where hang the berries sweet,
In clusters large and red—rare dainties these to eat.

Just as that hat of straw, has now quite still become,
A rattle of tin pails, and a low distant hum
Cause us to turn our eyes quick towards the further side,
When lo ! two other hats into the patch now glide.

And scone we see all around, the place as though with wings,
In some strange way, dotted with these mysterious things ;
But as we cautiously approach quite near to one,
We see a woman's face thus shaded from the sun.

How eagerly each Fair grasps at the berries bright ;
Natures, at other times generous, now would fight
For the best laden bush, those large tin-pails to fill ;
While, on the stillness, breaks the rippling of the rill.

Then, as nearer the top the heaps of fruit approach,
They talkative become and soon a subject broach ;
As if by magic, all the tongues begin to run,
And soon there are discussed most subjects 'neath the sun.

How Betty Brown had run away with her young man ;
How Sam'l Grey was scen a-sparkin Mary Ann ;
How Deacon Jones had said it was an awful shame,
But nobody could tell just quite who was to blame.

Then someone asked quite brisk, if anyone could tell
Who that young lady was that came with Mr. Bell
And his folks, last Sunday, to the old meetin' house,
And sat so straight and trim, and as quiet as a mouse?

But no one seemed to know, and an old lady asks
The latest recipe for making berry "sass,"
And when she had received a dozen, more or less,
She said she'd try 'em all, and see which was the best.

But now the pails are filled with luscious berries red, [bed.
While here and there some blacks shine from their fragrant
And now the cavalcade moves towards the dark wood's shade,
While a soft tinkling sound, the bright tin dishes made.

And the red squirrel comes and gazes all about,
Thinking, perhaps, his scold had caused the general rout ;
And soft the breezes play among the bushes green,
While the bright noon-day sun smiles on the silent scene.

Ah ! country life has joys, no other scenes can bring—
The sweet content, without past faded hopes' cruel sting ;
And, to these old-time scenes, may we still fondly cling,
And muse, in after lite, upon rasp-berrying.

THE OLD BRIDGE BY THE MILL.

Winter's sun is slowly sinking,
In a bed of gold and blue ;

As, upon the bridge, I'm standing,
Taking in the lovely view.

Thinking of the times long gone by,
When the place was full of life ;
But alas ! no sound of action,
With which the old mill once was rife.

Now the stream flows on in silence,
Save a little murmuring noise,
Which is soon lost in the distance,
As if the stillness it enjoys.

Silent now, is the large drive-wheel ;
Move the mill-stones here no more ;
No more comes to us the loud peal
Of gay laughter, as of yore.

But here stand the stone walls, grimly
Towering o'er the pond and stream ;
Telling of the past but dimly,
As if seen but in a dream.

All these thoughts come crowding on me,
As I slowly turn to go,
And, with sadness, now I leave thee,
Thinking of the " long ago."

THE STARS.

The night is calm and clear, no clouds to mar
The splendor of the vast ethereal dome
Besprinkled with its many sparkling gems ;
Where, while I gaze, my unchained fancies **roam**,
Taking me far past Reason's fettered sway,
Away into the vast and dread unknown ;
There, on dim heights, in sweet unspoken bliss
I lose myself to earth, and soar alone.

To-night, all hope and joy, from me, have fled ;
Alone, I face a Future, dark and cold.
Ah ! how the stars, at me, from overhead,
Laugh cruelly, as they, my grief, behold.

To-night, I stroll with her I love so well,
Along the path we oft have passed before ;
While silently the Stars, in love bend down
In sympathy our fond embraces o'er.

To-night, upon the pure white glistening snow,
A merry sleighing-party glide along so gay ;
The stars merrily twinkle from above,
As if to speed us on our happy way.

Alone, I sit and gaze upon the stars,
From out my opened window, where but **now**
I've left my books, o'er which, in midnight toil,
Wholly absorbed, I bent my fevered brow.

And now, as forth I turn from man's wisdom,
Entirely lost to all the world around,
I gaze into the boundless vast unknown—
The midnight stillness deep, without a sound,

Save the waves' plash upon the pebbled shore,
As, gently 'neath the soft and whispering wind,
Landward they glide, as if, to Nature's child,
They wished to give their sympathy most kind.
And as I gaze, fond thoughts of one dear friend,
Whom once, in those dear happy days, I knew,
When teaching on the river's pleasant Isle,
Under my loving watchful guidance grew.

And, as I gaze, mayhap I'll wonder if
She too, upon these self-same stars, doth look ;
And if her thoughts e'er wander back again
To those glad days, ere here my way I took ;
And if their gentle rays in love they shed
Upon her brow, worn with the midnight toil ;
And, with a whispered prayer for her, I leave
The stars, for earth's great cares and loud turmoil.

PLUM HOLLOW IN AUTUMN.

Nature, in all thy varying moods and forms,
Whether in sunlight fair, when zephyrs roam,
Or in thy angry moods, when rage the storms ;
To Thee for sympathy, I still would go.

Mild autumn now, so typical of ease,
Clad in her beauteous robes of every tint—
The chitter of the squirrel borne on the breeze ;
While, through the leaves, the yellow sunbeams glint.

Here, nestled 'tween two hills bedecked with woods,
A little neighborhood of farm-lands lies,
Where it is seldom that a stranger e'er intrudes ;
It scarce is noticed by a passer-by.

Along the centre winds the quiet road,
With here and there a bridge o'er brooklet small ;
While there you see two horses with a load,
And in the distance hear the milk-maid's call.

The hill along the south and westward side,
Drop^s down in terraces from nature's hand ;
Down which, in springtime, little streamlets glide
To meet each other on the lower land.

The hill to westward, sloping from its base,
Bedecked with trees now clad in garments bright ;
You scarce would find another such a place,
That one could view with any more delight.

'Tis nearing sunset's hour—the dreamy time—
When from the laughter ringing merrily,
Like the sweet bells that peal a Christmas chime,
Sending their notes afar so cheerily ;

You'd know that some gay party had arrived,
To add the charm that youth and pleasure lend ;
But not the rest, which is alone derived
From Nature, as with her sweet hours we spend.

The camp-fire blazing there among the trees,
And dancing forms are flitting all about ;
While some are seated there upon their knees,
Roasting green corn ; while others laugh and shout.

But farther down the hillside, if you go,
With here and there an opening 'mong the trees,
You'll see two persons, strolling on so slow,
Whom clearly this fair scene has powers to please.

They both are young, and full of hope and joy—
Before the buffets of the world are felt ;
Their happiness as yet without alloy—
With whom the hand of Nature kindly dealt.

The youth was slender, yet with manly form ;
Whose easy motions showed some latent force,
That, roused to action, rages like a storm ;
Yet quietly goes on its wonted course.

He bends his head at times, as if to hear
The better, what his fair companion says ;
Upon whose radiant face, in eyes so clear,
Her varied feelings and emotions play.

He points her out the beauties of the scene,
The banks of bright trees rising row on row ;
While, at their feet the meadows bright and green ;
And herds of cattle moving on so slow.

And a giant tree uprears its crest,
Like heroes, who brave deeds have gladly done,
Stand out so prominent above the rest,
Who battles ne'er would fight, nor any won.

He pictures to her sympathetic ear,
The times when redmen roamed these forests wild ;
The haunt of bear, or where the graceful deer
Had wandered in the Autumn days so mild.

Her glowing face tells him she understands ;
And still they linger on, though time to go.
" Surely there is no scene in foreign lands
To equal this ?" She whispering answers " No."

But now their comrades' shouts come to their ears ;
And slow they turn them from the lovely scene,
Which comes to them so much in after years,
As through the maple branches' waving screen.

Such times as these are landmarks in our lives ;
Where noble thoughts and aspirations come ;
Although they're past, their memory still survives ;
They are a start from which brave deeds are done.

A SNOW STORM.

Winter's sun is shining brightly on the pure and glistening
snow,
And all nature, blithe and merry, does a pleasing picture
show ;
But the snow-birds, in their white dress, flying upward as
we near,
Give us warning that a snow storm 'll soon o'ershadow skies
now clear.

Soon we see, far in the distance, just emerging o'er yon hill,
A dark curtain, stretching upward, soon the entire skies to
fill ;
And the low wind now is moaning through the tree-tops,
bare and sad,
Making sounds so weird and lonesome, as if some great
sorrow had.

See ! How fast that dark cloud rises, upward borne upon
the gale ;
Nearer, ever nearer coming ; now the sun's bright light
grows pale ;
And a few flakes, hard and frozen, strike us sharply in the
face ;
As our gallant steed we soon urge to a fast and faster pace.
Soon the flakes fall thick and thicker, 'till our horse we
scarce can see ;

And the wind, no longer moaning, howls across the open
lea ;

And the flakes, in eddies whirling, nearly blind us as they
fall,

In their glee, how madly playing, building high a huge
snow wall.

And my fair companion nestles closer to me, from the
storm ;

As, with anxious voice, I'm urging on the steed now very
warm ;

While the snow is piling deeper, deeper still, as fast it falls ;
And, as darkness fast approaches, fearful stories it recalls.

Now the noble horse is plunging through great banks of
drifting snow,—

Snap ! The slender tugs are broken, and away the steed
doth go ;

While a sudden cry of terror breaks from my companion's
lips ;

But I try to soothe and cheer her, though Jack Frost, our
fingers, grips.

And she bravely tries to cheer up, and to help me all she
can ;

Yet, a shiver thrills her slight form, and her cheek is pale
and wan.

Oh ! what anguish thrills me, sitting there, scarce knowing
what to do ;

For I cannot seek assistance, lest she perish in the snow.

Loudly shout I now, with anguish ; but the only answer
given,
Is the hissing of the snow flakes, as before the wind they're
driven.

And the air seems colder, colder, chilling us now through
and through ;
And the fair head drooping lower,—is there naught that I
can do ?

Then I take the fur coat off me, wrap it round her slender
form ;
Try to rouse her from her stupor, while so madly laughs
the storm ;
I, too, feel that dreadful torpor, creeping o'er me like a
snake ;
And I swing my arms in anguish, trying hard to keep awake.

For we know that naught can help us, only God's kind
watchful care ;
And, for His protection o'er us, is our earnest, fervent prayer.
Thus we wait, still hoping, praying with a faith that does
not shrink ;
Trusting Him to save and help us from the dangers lying
thick.

And the snow piled high around us, rising high, and higher
still ;
Soon we're covered with a white bank, and despair our
minds doth fill ;

But the storm grows faint, and fainter ; far-off sounds now
fill my ears,—

Happy scenes of childhood's pleasures, come through all
the busy years.

Pleasant scenes of Spring and song-birds ; fragrant scent of
fresh May-flowers ;

Murmuring waters lend their music, to these scenes of
happy hours.

In the verdant woods I'm roaming, with my comrades,
young and gay ;

While above, the sun is shining brightly as it does in May.

And it seems as if some voices, softly murmuring, reach
my ear ;

And, as if there were some persons, now approaching slowly
near.

Can it be our prayers are answered,—that it is the help we
craved ?

Yes. Kind friends are bending o'er us ; with thankful
hearts we know we're saved.